

THE
WOOVE

SPRING
2015
part II

RADIOTHON



90.7 FM
BLACK
SBURG

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LISTEN!!!

Thursday 4/2 9^{am}-12^{pm}
Ben & Some Guy
in Pajamas



This one's for the dull tools in the shed - songs about not smart people + the things we've done.



by Abby August

Agateophobia, a gate,
Painted white, no black, no painted.
Again, again, again,
I'll reiterate.

I need to ask for my certainty back,
you certainly won't.

But it's there, behind those gates,
his wider, his higher.

And all are free to his property,
all are free to step in his briar.

I, and his, need for an apothecary,
his, and I, need for a gate.

by Joe Conwell

On the significance of scuffed sneakers

by Ben Sea (to be read in your finest Teddy Roosevelt impression)

"Don't scuff my kicks, man."

Is a phrase I've never really understood.

See when dirtying your shoes is cause for aggression,
I absolve to go barefoot.

Scuffing one's sneakers means something to me

It means **you** walked past where the sidewalk ended.

It means **you** took the road less traveled and your footprints
will be the ones that those behind you follow.

These marks on my shoes are reminders of where I have been.

There, that was where I stepped on new concrete,
so I could explore the wonder that had just been created.

And there, that dark mark there, was where I bled from climbing the fence
which prohibited me from seeing other's suffering.

And right there, that little rip on the side,
is a memory of when I danced with the other half of me.

When broken glass and jagged rocks could not stop me from staring into someone else's eyes
and finally, **finally**, feeling alive.

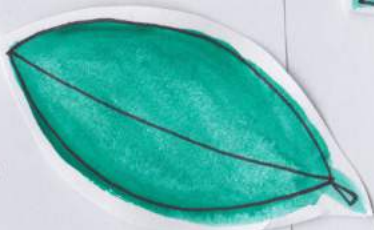
So excuse me for scuff on my the back of my dress shoes, mr interviewer.

I was too busy making my way ahead of you to notice the wear from their use.

And excuse me for wearing sandals,
because sometimes I need to feel the breeze on my
toes so it can guide me wherever the wind blows

And excuse me, for not polishing my boots,
because they were made for walking,
and your damn sure that just what I'll do.

Because one of these days,
my boot, will find it's way up **your ass**,
if you insult me for having these scuffed shoes.



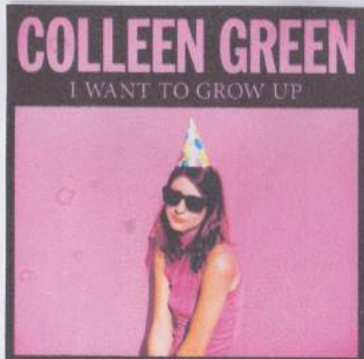
★ COLLEEN GREEN - "I WANT TO GROW UP" ★

Some things are just comfy, like the first day in spring when it's finally warm enough for exposed skin to feel good, even though nothing is stopping the local weather from snowing two days later. *I Want to Grow Up* is one of those things. An album of experimental pop for aimless young adults, Colleen Green's newest LP is like a fuzzy wool socks on a winter day, or a cool breeze on a hot summer one.

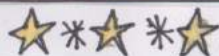
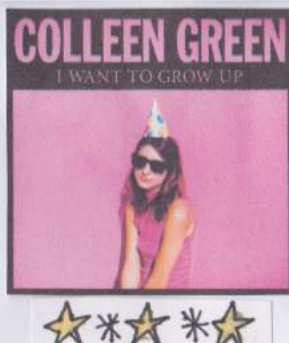
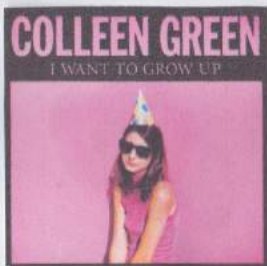
Green sings, "because I'm sick of being bored/ I think I need a schedule" on opening track "I Want to Grow Up". This is not an album for people who have everything in their life worked out. This is an album for people who have time they don't know what to do with, whether after work or when sitting around in the summer. Later tracks claim that she needs to stop doing things that are bad for her, followed immediately by a song that opens with "I really want/ to get high right now". Her view of love is nihilistic, saying "'Cause I'm shitty and I'm lame and I'm dumb and I'm a bore/ And once you get to know me you won't like me anymore" on "Deeper than Love". "Pay Attention" is a fast paced punk-pop riff on ADD, "TV" claims that TV is her best friend, "Grind My Teeth" finds her upset about a failed relationship, and "Some People" thinks about what a guy wants in a relationship. The album closes with "Whatever I Want", a song meaning that even if she hasn't found success in many markers of adulthood, she is still assured freedom.

To up the fuzz factor, Green recruits Jake Orrall of JEFF the Brotherhood and Casey Weissbuch of Diarrhea Planet. The instrumentals are a gorgeous complement to her voice and to her lyrics. The drumming is laid back just enough, using crash and ride cymbals to great effect. The doubled vocals on tracks like "Wild One" are made for midsummer sunset sets, something that makes the relatively short summer tour schedule all the more saddening. The guitars range from bright and shimmering to (more often) crunchy as can be. In some contexts (see: Arca) claustrophobic sound can be used to great effect, but on this album everything feels open.

This album, as well as the new Courtney Barnett LP and last year's Ex Hex debut show great things for people looking for self-aware, fun, guitar music. While it may not have the seriousness of *Transgender Dysphoria Blues* by Against Me!, don't be surprised by the relatability of the songs on *I Want to Grow Up* triggering more emotion than expected. There is no moment of catharsis, just a quiet clarity with some sweet riffs. This album is a having your cake and eating it too and realizing that that's ok. It's like an oversized sweatshirt for your ears. Comfy.



by Harrison Grinnan





by Katie Martin



TORCHE - "Restarter"



People don't often associate "progressive" with doom metal. Torche is the exception. Former Floor mastermind, Steve Brooks, returns with his melodic vocal style, and soul crushing guitar tone on the band's first release with Relapse Records. Torche's knack for writing catchy melodies, along with their tightly knit song structure, continues to set them apart from other sludgy metal bands. I seriously smiled the entire time I listened to this album, and if you ever see Torche (which I highly recommend you do), you'll see the music has the same effect on Brooks. This is not your average metal record; this is the one you can take home to mom.



by Nathaniel Bogan



LISTEN!!!
Wed. 4/1 7-9 PM
The Local Zone!
- Role Reversal -
Some of our staffers
perform live!!!!!!



LISTEN!!!
Fri. 4/3 2-3:30 PM
SPD Feels
- New Synthsation -
All hail the mighty
synthesizer!

Motive

Through shifting thoughts and perceptions
I have alleviated myself into your atmosphere.
To see your views.
To breathe in your movements,
so pure.

radiothon

For I have longed to once again
float within your space.
Through my patience,
into your timing.
So perfect I thought my timing was
but so elaborately foolish.
Lured in with interests and beliefs
in a mutual goal, yet planned
as a selfish motive.

I mean,
have you
even
READ
the catches
in the
eye?



How could one feel your ideas
without an initiating step?

by Katelyn Forbish

How could one ever taste your lips
so sweet after whispering secrets
of a dying cause?

Let go of my first, second
and every impression
I have ever given you and
look at me in this new light.

What do you see?

Surely not the timid adolescent
from years ago who was too afraid
to reap the seeds he had not
yet sown.

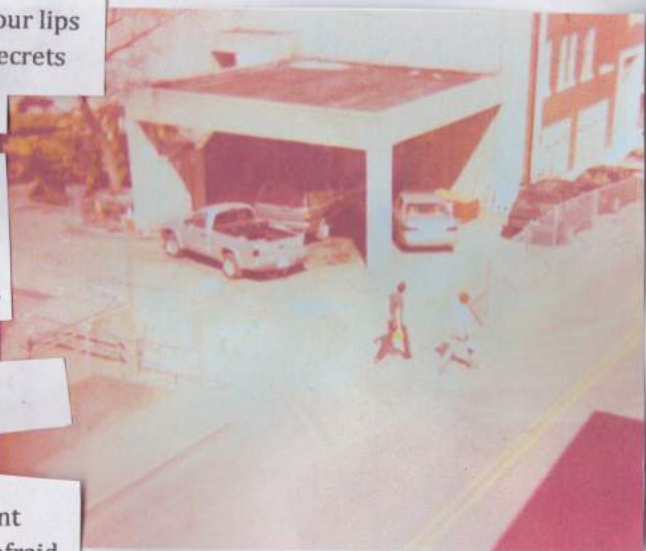
by Aury Holtslag

radiothon

by Katie Martin

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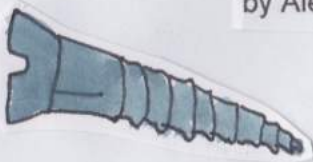
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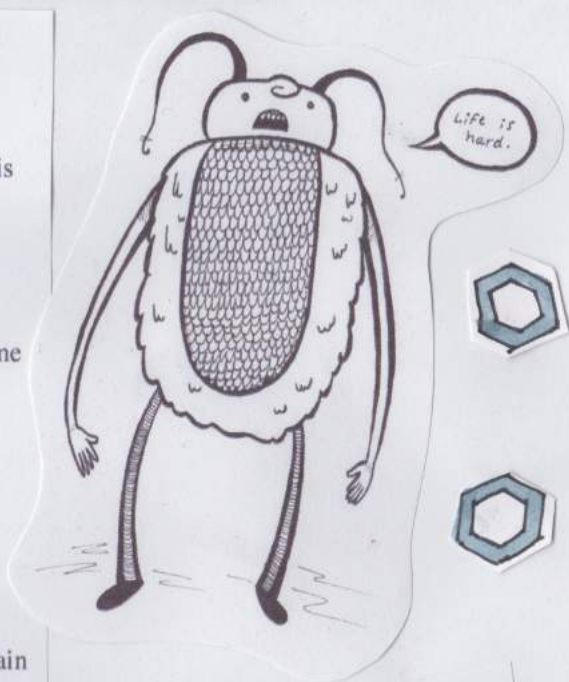
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At the ripe old age of twenty-one
over half way to forty
I find myself having a mid-life crisis
Everyone chanting in unison
there's so much yet to live
So why then do I feel
I've lived it all
Why do I feel
my life has always been served to me
on a rusty old platter
found in an attic
draped with cob webs
And the one who serves it to me
has no face
And when I try to send it back
with protest
A part of my soul is required
as payment
And then it is only served to me again
my life, on this platter
this time rustier
and more draped with cob webs
And the part of my soul I gave
as an offering
is now held captive
by the one with no face
who serves my life to me
on a rusty old platter
draped with cob webs
found in an attic
among other unwanted relics
discarded by those
who once loved them

by Alex Elwood




by Abby August




by Sydney Barton



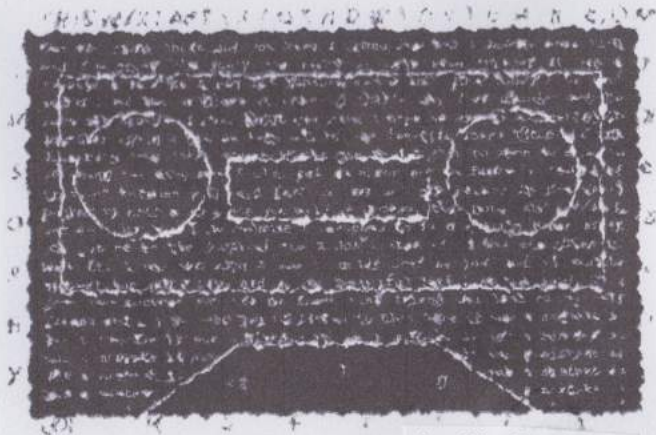
cover art by Sydney Barton



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for more info



by Shalini Rana

Editor - Mari Thomas
Contributors:

- ♥ Abby August
- ♥ Sydney Barton
- ♥ Nathaniel Bogan
- ♥ Ben Conlon
- ♥ Joe Conwell
- ♥ Alex Elwood
- ♥ Katelyn Forbish
- ♥ Harrison Grinnan
- ♥ Avry Holtslag
- ♥ Katie Martin
- ♥ Shalini Rana